

A CHAT WITH THE ARTIST

How He Came to Invent the ◆"Chalk Talk."

WAR-TIME CARICATURES





talk with Frank Beard about himself and American caricature. He is, to a certain extent, the father of the Ameriican cartoon, and he has been making funny pictures for the newspapers all his life. He, is now about fifty years of

picture was publish-

ed when he was under ten. He has opened a new field in carteoning as the editor of the Ram's Horn. This is the Puck and Judge of Chicago, but its pictures are semireligious instead of political. In it Frank Beard is trying to reform the religious world by exposing its shams Its field was well expressed by Mr. Beard during the talk, when I asked him as to what he thought of the future of American carricature. He replied:

"I think we are just at the beginning of the use of the cartcon. Pictures can often tell stories quicker and better than words, and I believe that cartoons can be used in the service of religion, righteousness, truth and justice without being subject to party. I believe in the fundamental principles of Christianity, but I can take a text from the Bible, and with the utmost reverence can, through the medium of the cartoon, apply it to the civilization of today. I can point a moral in this way, and by a picture can make a tract which every man who sees it must read.

The First Chalk Talk.

Frank Beard is as deaf as a nost and he has been so from birth. The only way to talk with him is through a black rubber tube about as big around as a garden hose and about his neck. Mr. Beard is an inveterate sketcher, and during my conversation he illustrated his points by drawing pictures, talking all the while, so that it seemed a race between his tongue and his pencil as to which should convey the idea first. There is no man in the United States who can give forth ideas in this manner as he can. He is, you know, the originator of the chalk talk, and there is hardly a town in the United States in which he has not given this sort of a lecture, standing on the platform with a roll of paper stretched on an easel before him, and with a haif dozen colored crayons in his hand. He carries his audiences with him while he draws pictures illustrating the philosophy, fun and satire which he throws at them in solid chunks. There are today a score or more chunks. chunks. There are today a score or more of this kind of entertainers in the United

TAUGHT BY PICTURES

concluded to make a short talk, and draw the sketches in illustration of it. I wrote out my story and renearsed it a half dozen times beforehand. The entertainment was for a Thanksgiving celebration, and my rehearsal took place at home, my wife, my mother-in-law and the turkey, which we tied up in the chair, forming the audience. Well, my wife survived, my mother-in-law did not die while I was talkirg, and the turkey was not spoiled. The exhibition came off in the church, and it was a great success. Other churches heard of it, and I had applications to repeat it again and

CHAT WITH THE ARTIST



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT!

again. At first I was flattered, and I readily consented. I never thought of charging for it until the demands became so numerous that I was unable to fill them. It was taking much of my energy and lots of time. To put a stop to it my wife suggested that I charge so much for each entertainment. So, when the next application came, I replied that I could oblige them, but that it would cost \$30. To my surprise they accepted my offer by return mail. It was so with nearly every one who wrote, and I soon found that I was making more at my chalk talks that at my newspaper work. I then charged \$40, then \$50, and so on until I now get what is considered a very good price. I don't like to lecture very well, however. The wear and tear is too great, and you have to hurry too much to make trains." A Boy Sketcher.

"When did you make your first cartoon,

"My inclination to make caricatures dates back to my boyhood," was the reply. "My father was an artist, you know, and he of the army, and was defending the capi-

un'form and musket. He did so, and I uniform and musket. He did so, and I served throughout the war as a private without pay. I did some sketching, but not much, and made just about as much out of my pictures as I would have received from Uncle Sam had I been on the regular pay rolls. This seems rathe: extraordinary now. You can hardly understand it. It was not strange in 1861. Patriotism was then alive. The country was on fire with it. There were thousands of young men who would have done the same.

Frank Beard's First Cartoon.

was, Mr. Beard?"

"Do you remember what that first jok

"Yes," replied the cartoonist, with a

laugh. "It was not the most elegant, but

these words:
"Teacher—Bobby, what does b-e-n-c-h

spell?"
"Bobby—'I don't know, mum.'
"Teacher—'Why, what are you sitting

tion was:

"'How old are you?"

"'Frank Beard,' I boldly answered.

"'What is your name?"

"'Eighteen years old,' was my reply.

Bobby-'I don't like to tell.

The First Great War Cartoon. "The war was practically the mother of American newspaper caricature. The illustrated newspaper grew rapidly during the war. The cartoon most in vogue prior to the war consisted of stilted figures with words coming out of their mouths, and the words and not the pictures told the story. I think I am the author of what was per



of this kind of entertainers in the United States. Frank Beard, however, was the author of the business, and he made, the other day, a sketch for me in illustration of his story as to how he came to make the first chalk talk. Sald he:

"It is now more than twenty years since I gave my first talk of this kind. I was a young artist in New York, and had just been married. My wife was an enthusiastic churchgoer, and a great deal of our courtship was carried on in going to and from the Methodist Church. The re-



THE FIRST CHALK TALK.

suit was that I struck a revival and became converted. This occurred shortly after I was married, and, like other enthusiastic young Christians, I wanted to do all I could for the church. I was on hand at all the meetings, and I took part in all the church work. Now our church, like many others in the United States, was very hard up. We were always needing money for something, and we tried to supply this by means of entertainments, and socials. Soon after I had joined the church the young people gave an entertainment, and the ladies suggested that I draw some pictures as a part of it. I consented, but I feit that the standing up before an audience and sketching without saying anything in illustration of the pictures would be a very silly thing. So I

tal. The rebels were threatening to march to the north. I made a cartoon represent-ing Gen. Scott as a big buildog with a cocked hat on its head, sitting behind a plate containing a bone marked 'Washing-

ton.'
"This cartoon made a great hit. It was lith-"This cartoon made a great hit. It was lithographed, and we sold it in Cincinnati for ten cents apiece. It was copied all over the country. It made a great sensation. The newspapers published it and commercial houses had cuts made from it and put on their envelopes. Had I had the sense to have copyrighted it, I would have made a great deal of money out of it. But I was a boy then, and did not know as much as I do now."

I do now."
After the war closed I went to New York and made sketches for the Yankee Notions. I did work on a number of dif-ferent papers, and turned my hand at anyferent papers, and turned my hand at anything I could find to do in the way of
sketching. I had a bad time at first, and
sometimes I nearly starved. I have walked the streets night after night in New
York because I had not enough to pay for
lodging, and I have made many a lench
off of crackers and cheese. I could have
gotten money, of course, by sending home,
but I was too proud to do so. After
a while, however, I got a foothold, and I
did work on nearly all of the illustrated
papers."

for ten jokes. This was a fortune for a schoolbey, and I was the envy of all my PAST AND PRESENT

of Newspapers.

it was such as a schoolboy might naturally originate. It represented a lean, old school mistress, with a spelling book in one hand and a ruler in the other, sitting before a little boy perched upon a bench, who was saying his spelling lesson. Under it were IMPROVED MEN AND MECHANISM

> Perfect System Observed by the Great Journals of the Day.

"You were in the army, Mr. Beard; how could you pass the examining board with your deaf ears?" I asked. OLD REPORTERS AND NEW

could you pass the examining board with your deaf ears?" I asked.
"That is quite a story," replied Frank Beard. "I tried to pass the officers, but failed. I was just eighteen when Fort Sumter was fired upon. With the first shot an epidemic of patriotism broke out all over the north. Every one wanted to go right away and fight for the country. I got the epidemic and was crazy to go. I went down to Camp Dennison, near Columbus, Ohlo, and attempted to pass the examiners. This was at the first of the war, and they were more particular then than later on. I knew they would not pass me if they discovered I was deaf, so I learned the order of the questions and committed the answers to be given to them. I met a number of men who had been examined, and I thought I had it down pat when I went in. It happened, however, that one of the board had heard something of my infirmity, and at his whispered suggestion the order of the questions was changed. Instead of asking me my name the first question was:
"How old are you." Along about 1876, when the writer first felt an itch to see his mental emanations ir some print more renowned than the "old column in the monthly college paper, he went down 41/2 street one day and saw a lot of broken glass on the pavement in front of a shoe shop. It was early in he morning, and the street cars were running at infrequent intervals, but the point of destination was the 11th street wharf, where it was his intention to ascertain if the early fish would take the worm as diligently as the early bird. The broken glass would have never caused any interest save perhaps a plece of it might have been picked up to use in scraping the butt of his fishing pole smoother, but right in the midst of it was a long piece of steel, with a slightly turned-up and sharpened point at one end of it, and he stopped to gather it

Just then a sleepy man came out of the door next to the shop and immediately became wide awake. The door of the shop had been broken open, but it had been closed again, so that only a person familiar with its appearance would have noticed it. The man entered the place, and then his The man entered the place, and then his wails rent the close atmosphere, foul with the smell of half-tanred icather, and worked out in the street and attracted the attention of a policeman, who, for a wonder in those days, was within hearing distorce. It was a very funny interview that followed between the man in the shop and the policeman when the latter got there. In broken English, that showed its possessor was Low Dutch, the man recounted the story of his misfortunes. The door had been broken open; the door to a dilapidated desk had been ransacked; things had been pulled topsy-turvy, and the lamp chimrey had been broken.

Miscry Turns to Joy.

Misery Turns to Joy. "Have yez lesht anyting?" asked the po-

The man stared. His senses slowly returned. Then his joy became as intense as lamentations had been mournful. A broken door and a broken lamp chimney made up the sum total of his trouble. He broken doer and a broken lamp chimney made up the sum total of his trouble. He seized the pieve of steel, which the youthful fishermen was holding, and which his later experience teaches him was a "Jimmy," and waved it triumphantly.

"I vant a boker," he ejaculated, "eint de tam teef lef me dees von." The amiable policeman never thought of taking possession of the burglar's tool. No such thing as a clue ever entered his obtuse cranium. He departed, swinging his club, and the man swept away the hroken glass. The young fisherman, dangling his legs over the 11th street wharf, felt his risibilities rising time and time again, as he waited patiently for nibbles. There was much humor in that merning experience, and next day he sat down and wrote an account of it. It was a crude and labored attempt, perhaps, but it met a managing editor's eye when that awful personage was in a genial mood. Something in the situation and the dialect, perhaps, struck his fancy, and he told the trembling author of it to bring him some more "stuff like this" when he ran across it. If that first item had reached the city editor first in all probability this article would never have been written, for the city editor in those days wanted only cold facts, without garniture or tiressing.

. Starting in as a Sab. A year later saw the youngster regularly engaged as a sub reporter in the capital of the nation. A leg fer, distance was as good, almost, in those days as a nose for news. Being well equipped with shanks and an in dustrious readiness to utilize them, he passed muster in the city room, and received distant toleration from the fullceived distant toleration from the full-fledged reporters. A full-fledged reporter in those days was one who never failed to get the exact moment when an alarm of fire was sounded, the name of the officer or citizen turning it in and the way the fire was first discovered. The damage, the insurance and the companies carrying the risk were matters of secondary consideration to him. The police stations were as far apart then as they are now, and as there were no telephones, personal visits by the reporters were necessary to each one. After the cars had stopped running it was one of the delightful privileges of the ardent young sub. who gloried in six dollars a week and seeing himself in print, to go down on the "Island," across the dark mall, after midnight, to get items at the police station, and then when he returned to the office to be sent over near Rock creek to discover what there was in the rumor of a fight in Foggy Bottom.

There was a queer telegraphic contrivance at police headquarters, over which old Mr. Kendig presided. It was a circular disk, having arranged upon it the alphabet and the numerals, with punctuation marks and a dollar mark. There was a similar contraption in each of the police stations, and if there was a murder or anything of immense importance to communicate, the station keeper would laboriously spell out the message letter by letter, and old Mr. Kendig would take it down. There were lots of pranks played on that primitive telegraph line by mischievous reporters. fledged reporters. A full-fledged reporter

Some Reporters' Practical Jokes. Sometimes one would be at an outlying station after midnight, and would send a message recounting some shocking occur-rence. There was always a reporter dropping in at intervals of a few minutes to Mr. Kendig's office, and if he stood well with that old gentleman he would be told about it. Then, with visions of a great scoop before him, the reporter would util-'ze his gifted legs and make tracks to the precinct of the distant scene of the suposed crime, only to find at last a sleepy tation keeper, who gave him a half-snor ing laugh of contemptuous scorn. Some-times the sleuths who represented the Baltimore papers were sent on wild goose chases of this sort. One rainy and disagreeable midnight a countryman appeared at detective headquarters, in the basement of police headquarters, a few doors below their present location, on Lotifsiana avenue, with a woman's should not hold a woman's should not had a off of crackers and cheese. I could have gotten money, of course, by sending home, but I was too proud to do so. After a while, however, I got a foothold, and I cld work on nearly all of the illustrated papers."

The American Cartoon.

"The first paper that published cartoons was the Yankee Notions of which I told you. This was owned by a man named .Strong, and it had a long run. Then Knickknacks appeared, which was followed by the Comic Monthly and Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun. Then we had Vanity Fair and then Mrs. Grundy, illustrated by Thos. Nast and published by Harpers. Puck and Judge were later creations, and now the daily newspapers are publishing their cartons.

"What is the effect of this upon artists and illustrators?"

"It increases their value, of course," 'epiled Frank Beard. "But it also brings up a great crop of new sketchers and of printing now used in the papers the sketches of the best artist look scarcely better than those of the amateurs who scratch out pictures on the chalk plates in the country newspaper offices. They would lose half their force if published in the daily newspapers instead of in the magazines. Still, the increased demand helps the better artists, too. Prices are twice as high now as they have been in the past, and the demand for drawings has never been so great as it is now. It is easy to find a man who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is easy to find a man who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw it is hard to find one who can draw it is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw. It is hard to find one who can draw it is hard to find one who can draw it is hard to find one who can draw it is har

on. Machinery does not hurt and the foreman of the composing room on a big morning daily loaded to the guards at midnight, and yet get out a brilliant,

newsy paper, noticeable for its excellence, next morning.

Drinkers Now at a Discount. But such a system could not be kept up and today the man who lets liquor get the An Interesting Contrast in the Life best of him, even at long intervals, cannot old a position on any reputable journal in this country. He may manage to confin his libations to the hours when he is off active duty, but the unerring instinct of the editor will discover his habit, and then there will arise in the editorial mind that distrust which inevitably leads to a short final inter-view and a new man on the run around

It is not difficult to understand why this

is so absolutely necessary now, when it was not regarded as being so twenty years ago. Then newspapers were largely conducted with a regard to their political influence. The means of international—indeed, interstate—communication were very meager. There was but little demand on the part of the public for anything more than the news of its particular community. The press associations made one great effort during the year, and that was at election time. Reporters were engaged exclusively for particular routine work, and having attended to this, satisfied themselves and their employers. They wrote their reports in regular stereotyped style, and the reasons for news or the results the events making the news might lead to were of no importance to them. Actions were recorded, while motives and probabilities were of no moment. The change came when the facilities for gathering news and putting it, mechanically, in shape so vastly improved. To the writer's mind, the remarkable improvement in the mechanical part of journalism made it imperative that the intellectual portion should become more awakened and enterprising. The cylinder press replaced the fifthed; stereotyping took the place of impressions from type; the telephone saved the reporters' legs and made his brain matter—more active; then the type-setting machines completed a metamorphosis as max celous as it is actual. is so absolutely necessary now, when it was not regarded as being so twenty years ago. Then newspapers were largely con-

The Newspaper of Today. Today a well-equipped paper like The Evening Star is the very quintessence of se'f-reliant power. It is a great mental machine of which each part is a requisite, altho: gh not an ab olu ely necessary factor in the whole. This seems to be paradoxical but it is easily explained. The system is such that when the managing, news or city editor is absent, there is no noticeable evidence of the fact in the afternoon issue. Why? Because the newspaper employs a force that is separate in its entities, but whose parts are yet transferrable from one point of usefulness to an their. While interdependent upon each other, they are still interchangeable, and the absolute reliability of each for whatever duty may be assigned is the secret of the magnificent system that only the gravest and most unusual accident can disturb in the slightest. This system, too, marks the management such that when the managing, news or city triual accident can disturb in the slightest. This system, too, marks the management of every first-class newspaper. Twenty years ago, when it was necessary for a managing editor to send a man away from the city of publication on a mission, it was a question with him whom he could trust to attend to the duty without "falling down" on him, as the expressive saying is. Today he is confronted with no such difficulty. He knows he can send any man on the force whom he considers equal to the character of the work to be done to the erds of the earth, and that he will perform the mission conscientiously, quickly, and erds of the earth, and that he will perform
the mission conscientiously, quickly, and
get out of it all that is possible, and come
back to drop into his place again as uncencerned as if he had just returned from
midday lunch.

An illustration of this confidence which
makes modern journalism possible may be
cited in concluding this article.

Some time area a Star reporter was about

Some time ago a Star reporter was about to be sent off to meet a distinguished man

to be sent of to meet a distinguished man and have a talk with him.

"Any instructions?" be inquired of the managing editor.

"Fetter take your overcoat along; it's lla-ble to be chilly in the mountains," was the

reply.

It is that absolute faith in the integrity and ability of the reporter of today on the part of his superiors, and his indomitable determination to deserve it, that makes the system of the modern newspaper what it is—the m'raculous mechanical equipment, combining all the powers and mysteries of steam and electricity, is but secondary to the complete harmony of the minds which keep it in motion,

C. C.

HE WAS ONLY CURIOUS.

Are Photographers Born So or Are the Chicago Times-Herald.

When the photographer came out of the dark room he found the man who had ordered some photographs some three weeks befere looking over an album. "Oh, you've come for those photos-

gan the photographer, with the air of one "Not at all, not at all," replied the stranger, carelessly. "I was passing, you

know, and just dropped in." "I am very sorry," said the photographer, "but you know the weather---" "Oh, don't d'stress yourself," interrupted the patron again. "The question of the

photographs is immaterial. I just came in

photographs is immaterial. I just came in to have you settle a dispute."
"With pleasure," said the photographer, with evident relief. "What is it?"
"Well, I had an argument with a friend a little while ago," explained the patron in a pleasant, offhand manner. "He said that the habit of procrastination was born in photographers; that they can': help finishing jobs a week or two after they have promised, and that they really don't intend to lie when they say you can surely have your photographs the latter part of next week." "But the clouds-" began the photog-

"But the clouds—" began the photographer, in an apologetic way.
"Oh, they have nothing to do with it at all. It is purely a matter of ethics, you know. I told him that some photographers were not that way, and he denied it, and we got into a row. Then we agreed to leave it to you. Now, all you have to do is to tell me the name of a man who once got a job me the name of a man who once got a job done on time and I'll win."
"Why, sir. I—" The photographer began show some nervousness.
"Can't recall it offhand, I suppose," said

the patron, cheerily. "But there must be one. Never mind bothering your head now, though. The name will come to you in a day or two, and then you can drop me a

"Oh, never mind them. It must be the "Oh, never mind them. It must be the weather, of course. We've had one or two cloudy days, some with bright sunshine and some with medium bright sunshine since you first promised to have them done, but I suppose none of these weather samples exactly suited. You can send the photographs up when you send the answer to my question. Good day!"

"John," said the photographer, after the patron had gone, "put everything else aside and see that those Robinson photographs are finished up the first thing. Then mail them to him I wouldn't have him come in here again for \$1,000."

here again for \$1,000."

Information From Afar. the Portland Oregonian, August 80. In the mail received by Mr. James H. Page yesterday was a letter bearing an English postmark, addressed to his son, F. H. Page, who left for Europe some six weeks since. Mr. Page opened the letter, and it proved to be from Samuel Hargreave of Rye Close Cottage, Mawbray, Maryport, Cumberland, England, who writes that while he was walking on the writes that while he was walking on the beach on the morning of August 15 he found a bottle just washing ashore, and seeing that there was a paper inside he examined it and found the following note: "To whoever finds this: Address a letter to F. H. Page, 120 Front street, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., for some valuable information." Mr. Hargreave adds: "Mawbray is a farming village on the Solway Firth, about midway between Maryport and Silis a farming village on the Solway Firth, about midway between Maryport and Silloth. The bottle came ashore at 5:20 a.m." Mr. Page supposes that his son and some friends must have been drinking a bottle of mineral water or something on board the steamer, and that some of them, in Joke placed the note in the bottle, corked it and threw it overboard, little dreaming of ever hearing of it again.

Prompted by the feeling that it was his duty, the bishop remonstrated with one of his clergy for attending a local hunt. 'Well, your lordship," replied the offender, "I really do not see there is any more harm in hunting than in going to a ball." "I presume," answered his lordship, "that you refer to having seen my name down amorg those who attended Lady Somerville's ball, but I assure you throughout the whole evening I was never once in the same room as the dancers." "That, my lord, is exactly how I stand—I was never in

PROFITS IN CROAKERS

Frog Farms Furnish Fine Fields for Capitalists.

EASY WORK TO RAISE TADFOLES

Delicacy.

BETTER THAN CHICKENS



green-back frogs."

T THAS LONG BEEN a wonder to me," said a prominent fish merchant at the Center market the other day. "why some of the enterprising young men of Washington do not turn their attention to frog culture. Lots of people have made small fortunes by raising chickens on a large scale, but there is

Any one wishing to carry our this suggestion can find any number of more or less stagnant ponds in the outlying districts, that could, with very little expense, be converted into frog farms, and it is safe to say that if the business were properly looked after the managers would reap a surprisingly large profit. The man that could raise a million of frogs and get them safely to market would be a wealthy person. A number of Washington boys and farmers in the country near the city devote a good deal of their time during the summer menths to catching and shipping frogs to Washington, where they are always in de-mand, and, although they make a very mand, and, although they make a very neat sum of money by their industry, they do not realize nearly as much as they would if the business were carried on in a systematic manner. So far as is known, there is not a single frog farm within 100 miles of Washington, or any place where they are raised on economic principles. Such establishments are frequent in Massachusetts, and the frog markets of Boston and New York are supplied almost entirely by these farms.

ven more money to be made by cultivating

and New York are supplied almost entirely by these farms.

The supply is never equal to the demand, and "saddles," as the legs are called, can always be disposed of to retail dealers at from 50 cents to \$1 a dozen, according to their size. Those sold to the clubs and hotels bring better, prices, but most of these establishments have regular agents in the field, who send them in as fast as caught. Doesn't Cost Much to Start.

It requires very little capital to start a frog farm. If there are no ponds in the neighborhood where it is desired to locate, they can easily be made by digging to the by proper depth and filling in with water from a some near-by stream. It is well not to have the ponds too large, as trouble may be experienced in capturing the frogs when wanted for market. It is a good plan, when the ponds are to be artificially constructed, to make two, one above the other, so that they can be drained and the frogs caught without difficulty. Ground should be chosen that is rather springy or marshy, and with self muck at the bottom, as the frogs hibernate in the mud during the winter to moths. A light board fence should be built around the pond in order to keep out for an attain the soft muck at the bottom, as the frogs and coons, and it should also be built around the pond in order to keep out for an stand on the inside and plek up the pollywogs. After the pond has been prepared, the next step is to secure the spawn. This can be found in almost any pond or sluggish stream inhabited by the long-distance jumpers. A close investigation will reveal a small glutinous mass, which is to be picked up with a dipper and placed in a pail of water. Take it to your hatching box, which is made after the fashion of a shad hatching box, two feet long and eighteen inches wide, with fine wire netting on the bottom. This method need only be followed when it is desired to distribute the young in various ponds, as they will hatch just as well when deposited in the pond in the first place. Great care should be taken in gathering spawn not to get tood spawn. The spawn of the frog is found in a bunch, like a sponge of jelly, and is clear, with black spots in it.

It should be gathered very carefully, and the felly, which is cssential to successful hatching, should be broken as little as possible. Toad spawn is laid in a string, and when lying in the water it looks like a glass tube with small shot distributed through it at intervals. proper depth and filling in with water from some near-by stream. It is well not to

through it at intervals.

The Hatching Season. The spawn will hatch in from seven to

ten days, according to the temperature of the water, the warmer it is the faster being the development. No trouble will be had in feeding the pollywogs, as nature provides for this important feature. They exist on the sediment that collects on floating logs and on the vegetable matter in the water. In the course of time the pollywogs, or tad-In the course of time the pollywogs, or tadpoles, have developed into frogs, but there seems to be some doubt as to the length of time required in making this change. It sometimes occurs in a few weeks, and it has been claimed that pollywogs have existed in the early state for over a year without showing any signs of becoming a frog. The hind legs are the first to break through the skin, and are followed by the front, the perfect frog taking its size according to the size of the tadpole. When the frog state is reached the animal requires a change in its diet, and subsists on insects, small fish and meat. Naturally it will only take living Tood, the difficulty of supplying which forms the main obstacle will only take living Tood, the difficulty of supplying which forms the main obstacle in frog culture. When minnows and ilies are scarce the frog will often turn upon and devour the unfortunate tadpole. Stale meat scattered about the pond will attract flies, and if the meat is cut up finely the frogs will get a taste for it and learn to eat it. When they have passed into the frog state they must have a chance to get cut of the water into the grass and sit on the banks and sun themselves.

No Expense After the First Year. " Probably no returns will be realized from the first year's effort, but after the initial season the annual profits from a well conducted frog farm will increase with aston-ishing rapidity. All the labor and expense of the enterprise is entailed at the start, and each succeeding year all that is necessary is to market the product and pocket the proceeds. When this delicacy first came into popular favor, great trouble was found in getting them even in small quantities, but since fancy prices are being pald for choice "saddles," the country people living rear streams and ponds have devoted a good deal of time to capturing them, and they are now more plentiful in the markets. The season for frog hunting opens with the first croak of the male and is continued through the entire summer months. They reach their prime, however, in the month of September, when they have grown fat and plump after a season of campaigning on flies, minnows and water bugs. The work of capturing these agile jumpers is a diffiand each succeeding year all that is necesnies, minnows and water bugs. The work of capturing these agile jumpers is a difficult matter to the amateur, but when undertaken by the experienced hunter and sportsman it becomes a pleasure and affords the finest sort of sport. Whether they are caught by the "pot hunter" or by the novice, the excitement afforded is equal to that in landing the gamest trout.

To Catch the Croakers. There are several methods employed in

catching them, but the one most universally used is to hunt them at night with the aid of a skiff, a flash lantern and a long pole. The boat is poled along the banks, and when the croak of a frog is heard the lan tern is flashed full upon him. The bright light has the effect of stupefying him, for he remains motionless, and a quick blow with the stick disables him, and he is thrown the stick disables him, and he is thrown into a bag. Men who make a business of catching frogs for market hunt them in this way, and frequently bag as many as five dozen in a single night. A frog will bite at almost any bright and moving little object, and a piece of red fiannel on a hook is the means of landing a number of them. This is the favorite method of the small boy.

In order to be successful on such hunting expeditions strict quiet should be observed, for frogs have keen ears, and are quick to take alarm. The young frog is a

Do You Realize

That the great trouble of the American nation is Kidney Disease? Very few men and fewer women have perfect kidneys. Did you know this?

And did you also know that there There is a Steady Market for This is but one remedy known to science for this great trouble: Warner's Safe

If you have peculiar pains in the back, or anywhere else in the body, they probably come from disordered kidneys. If you are weak, sickly and do not know the cause the chances are it is kidney trouble.

When the great and only cure for this is so easily obtained, are you, perhaps, not wasting time and running a great risk if you do not secure it?

giddy and thoughtless creature and falls a ready prey to the craft of the hunter, but the older ones are sly and tricky and are only captured by the most expert sportsman.

Frogs as Diet. Frog eating is not confined to the United

States, for they are esteemed as a delicacy in France, England, and, in fact, in almost every country. The Frenchmen, however, were the first to make use of them as s table dish, but they were soon followed by Americans. As a rule, only the hind quarters of the frog are eaten, but in Germany every part, with the exception of the intestines and the skin, is made use of as food. Many persons will not eat frogs, believing that they are unclean, yet they have no hesitation in partaking of lobsters and crabs that feed upon the refuse animal matter of the sea. The frog's flesh is very white, tender and nutritious, and when nicely cooked is one of the most dainty dishes that an epicure could desire, with a delicious flavor.

A lover of the dish gives the following recipe for preparing them: After the skin has been removed, the legs should be placed in some fresh, cold water. Next they should be drained and dried and put to soak awhile in the white of eggs, well beaten up. Now powder them over with flour, and finally fry them in plenty of olive oil until they are crisp and brown. Add a lemon, some red pepper, brown bread and butter, and you have the proverbial dish fit for a king. table dish, but they were soon followed by

COLOR IN EVERY PHOTOGRAPH.

Wonderful Skill of the Chinese in Detecting and Reproducing It.

From the Chicago Record. On one occasion, while he was prosecuting attorney, Luther Laflin Mills came upon an indictment seturned against a

ed. Mr. Mills thought the request a strange one, but under the circumstances he could hardly deny it.

"By and by you will know why I want it." said the Chinese gentleman.

This incident remained a mystery until quite recently, when there arrived a parcel from Hong Kong containing an enlarged water-color reproduction of the photograph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity.

graph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity.

"Tals is our present to you," said the Chinaman.

"But how was it possible for that artist on the other side of the globe to know what shade of color to give to the hair and eyes of these children whom he never saw? That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Mills.

The Chinaman replied that the said of the color of the color

saw? That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Mills.

The Chinaman replied that the art of photography was so thoroughly understood in China that it was easy to determine from the revelations of the magnifying glass just exactly what color and what shade and what tint were represented by such and such impressions as the photograph retained and exhibited. Among the very many beautiful works of art in which the Mills mansion abounds there is none more exquisite than this example of Chinese skill, and, naturally enough, with all the associations which its history involves, it is Mr. Mills' most precious possession.

Something New in Politics. the Chicago Times-Herald.

rom the Chicago Times-rierana.

He had a great scheme, and he went through the city hall corridor like the heavy villain in a melodrama. When he finally found the man he was looking for he pulled him off into one corner and be gan to elucidate his scheme with the most gan to elucidate his scheme with the most mysterious air.

"It's great," he said; "the finest thing out. Can't fail."

"What is?" asked the other.

"My plan for securing patronage."

"Rats! There ain't any way to control-

that now. "But you haven't heard my plan," per-

"But you haven't heard my plan," persisted the conspirator.
"No use anyway," returned the other.
"Yes, there is. It is all in knowing how.
What we want is to organize."
"Organize nothing. You can't beat the
civil service law by organization."
"Oh, yes, I can."
"How?"
"Itest by organizing on the right plan.

"Just by organizing on the right pian. You can't do it by organizing for political pull and for work at the primaries or at the

"How can you do it, then?"
"That's my secret. That's just what I am letting you in on. I've gone into partnership with a school teacher, and we are going to start a civil service t school. I tell you it is a great schei we will have all the boys in line."

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.